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LOVE AND MONEY;

OR,

THE FAIR CALEDONIAN.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE,

AND THE
HAY-MARKET,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

BY THE LATE MR. BENSON,
OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,
AUTHOR OF BRITAIN'S GLORY, &c.

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(Price ONE SHILLING.)

LOVE AND MONEY;

THE TWO CANTONMENT.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord Rakish,.....Mr. PALMER, Jun.
Pliant,Mr. COOK,
Andrew,.....Mr. SUETT,
Jemmy,Miss DECAMP,
Runlet,.....Mr. CROSS,
Anchor,.....Mr. LIONS,
Peter,.....Mr. WATHEN,
Meanwright,.....Mr. CAULFIELD,
Drowfy,.....Mr. BENSON.

W O M E N.

Barbara,.....Miss LEAK,
Jane,.....Mrs. KEMBLE.

1706 E. 17th

J E M C W

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

LOVE AND MONEY;

OR,

The FAIR CALEDONIAN.

SCENE I.—A FIELD.

*Enter Lord RAKISH and PLIANT, drest as
Countrymen, from a Cottage.*

Pliant.

AS your love affair goes on so slowly, my Lord, I imagine we shall soon quit our disguises, and return home.

Lord Rakish. No, I'll not give up the game so easily. I confess it's a mortification to be so far from the pleasures of *London*, but I could remain an age in this horrid place, if I was certain of obtaining this bewitching girl at last.

Pliant. But as women are generally caught by finery, I wonder your Lordship should conceal your rank and title, and appear in this rustic garb.

Lord Rakish.

Lord Rakish. Splendour has no charms for the present object of my pursuit.—She has too much of that old-fashioned ridiculous quality call'd virtue; and I'm convinced would never listen to me as Lord Rakish.—I first saw her in *London*, about twelve months since, with the late Lady Allgood, who, bidding a sudden adieu to this world, forgot to provide for her fair favourite, and she now resides with her father on this island; which, after infinite trouble, I discovered about a month ago. I have therefore assumed the name of *Acorn*, and shall continue here a short time, that I may have an opportunity of conversing with my lovely Jane; and if I can but engage her affections, success shall crown my wishes, as we can easily pack up a sham marriage, and return to *London* in triumph, my boy.

Pliant. But I understand she has a lover here already.

Lord Rakish. Yes, I believe she is rather partial to the simple youth; but I have a scheme to get him out of the way.—I intend he shall try how the Sea air agrees with his constitution, and have sent Drowsy to bargain with some smugglers to take him under their care—I wonder he is not returned.

Pliant. I saw him just now asleep on the bench under the elm tree—I'll call him—Drowsy, Drowsy.

Lord Rakish.

Lord Rakish. The rascal has been at his old tricks—he is for ever sleeping or drinking. But I have no doubt of his fidelity, and this was an affair I could not trust to a stranger.—Oh, here the booby comes.

Enter Drowsy yawning.

Drowsy. Here am I—who calls Drowsy?

Lord Rakish. Well, firrah, what intelligence have you brought me?

Drowsy. Oh—gre--at—quan--ti--ty—You must know th--a--t— (*yawns*)

Lord Rakish, (shaking him.) Why, you are asleep, blockhead.

Drowsy. No, not quite—but I'll tell you how the matter is. When I set out to go where you ordered me, my Lord, I felt a sort of heaviness coming over my eyes,—“Oh, oh, thinks I, this will never do,”—so in order to keep myself thoroughly awake, I goes to the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes, and drinks a tumbler of liquor,—then I had two or three more, and after that, as I knew it would be of service to me, I calls for another, and begg'd they'd make haste, as I wanted to keep off my sleepy fit; but unfortunately it was such a plaguy while in coming, that I could not hold my eyes open any longer, and was presently as
found.

found as a top.—Now if I had but taken the last glass in time, I should have been in fine order to have settled the business I went about. But however I was not idle in my sleep, for I dreamt I did every thing very properly—and I have great faith in Dreams.

Lord Rakish. Was there ever such a stupid scoundrel—but I'll be plagued with you no longer than we get to London again.—I'll keep no man in a place he is not fit for.

Drowsy. Egad, if nobody had places but those who are fit for 'em, I fancy I should not be the only one at a loss for a situation.

Lord Rakish. Silence, Fool.

Drowsy. Well, I never dreamt you wou'd have been so cross with me, after all the pains I have taken.

Pliant. Why, you have had your senses stolen from you whilst you were asleep.

Drowsy. Have I?—well, you are safe enough, —you'll never be suspected of the robbery.

Pliant. Why, you insolent—

Lord Rakish, (aside to Pliant.) Hold, we had better not provoke him, as he may betray us.—Come, come, Drowsy, I was angry at first, but its over—I know you mean well, and doubt not but you will use more caution in future.

Drowsy.

Drowsy. That you may depend on, my Lord, I'll take particular care, be assured—and now I must mind what I'm going about.—It's d——'d hard tho', that masters should send servants just where they please; but when they unluckily get a sup of too much drink, they never consider what trouble they give 'em, but use them with as little mercy as job horses,—tramp—tramp—tramp.—D——e, if they will make servants go on their errands, I think they ought at least to send them about in a post chaise. [Exit.

Pliant. I fear we can place but little dependence on this fellow.

[Peter Sings without.

Lord Rakish. Here comes Peter Maple, the young farmer.—I wish I could employ him on the business—he's possess'd of shrewdness and cunning, and might be of service in our scheme.

Enter PETER, singing.

Lord Rakish. Always merry,—hey, Peter.

Peter. Yes, Master Acorn, I fell in love last hay time, and have never been sad since.

Lord Rakish. And is your sweetheart as merry as yourself, Peter.

Peter. Aye, that she is; why she is as melodious as a nightengale—as beautiful as a flower garden—and as delicious as a ripe grape.

B

Pliant.

Pliant. But is she rich, Peter?

Peter. Yes, she is rich enough, tho' she has no store of money—but she has a large stock of learning, and has read so much concerning great heroes and warriors, that she is always talking about battles, camps, and sieges, and wheeling to the right, and turning to the left, that I should not be surprized at her lifting for a soldier.

Lord Rakish. You have made a happy choice, indeed.—Why, Peter, you are such a clever fellow, I think it's a pity you should waste your life here; now I would advise you to visit London, and who knows but you'll soon be a great man.

Peter. No, no, Master Acorn, I have been there already, and hang me if ever I go again. I went in hopes of getting a good place, but I found every body else was looking after the same thing, so thinking I stood no chance, I e'en trudged back again; and here I live happy and contented—always cheerful—and when I hear old Donald, the piper, strike up “the sweet flowers of Edinburgh” I could sing and caper for eight and forty hours together.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

E'er the Lark's early carols salute the new day,
 I spring from my cottage as jocund as May;
 I cheerfully whistle, regardless of care,
 Or sing the last ballad I bought at the fair.
 I plough and sow, I reap, I mow,
 Hey down derry, brisk and merry,
 I sing featly, foot it neatly,
 Tal, lal, &c.

II.

On Sunday bedeck'd in my home-spun array,
 At Church I'm the loudest to chaunt or to pray;
 No passions e'er plague me, no cares e'er torment,
 My constant companions are health and content.
 I plough and sow, &c.

III.

At night when from labour and toil I am free,
 I dance with my sweetheart, as brisk as a bee;
 Then sink on my pillow, and dream of no ill,
 Of mirth and good humour I fure have my fill.
 I plough and sow, &c.

Lord Rakish. Have you seen Auld Andrew, or
 his daughter Jane, this morning?

Peter. Yes, and there is rare news for them;
 some relation has left them a great estate, and a

lawyer has come all the way from London, to inform 'em of it,—and all of us here will be as much pleased with their good fortune as themselves.

Lord Rakish. That I'm sure of, for ev'ry one seems of the same mind in this place.

Peter. Aye, so they ought in ev'ry place,—it's our duty to support each other.

[*Barbara sings without, See the Conquering Hero, &c.*

Peter. Here comes my dear little Barbara.

Lord Rakish. Well, we'll not interrupt your love discourse, Peter. Come, Pliant, let us consult how we can put our plan into immediate execution. [*Aside to Pliant, and Exit with him into the cottage.*

Enter BARBARA.

Barbara. "See the conquering Hero comes."—Ah, Peter, are you stationed here?—Then I shall halt, and as you are soon to be my commander in chief—thus I salute you. [*She gives the military salute.*]*—*Now you have received the honours due to a General Officer,

Peter. And thus do I salute you, [*kisses her,*] now you have received the honours due to the General Officer's wife.

Barbara.

Barbara. Oh, fie, Peter, you ought to be brought to a court-martial for such disorderly behaviour.—I shall file off, if you make any more such unmilitary attacks.

Peter. Come, grant me a truce, dear Barbara, and tell me when you mean to surrender the garrison of your charms to the arms of general Peter?

Barbara. The town that capitulates on a slight summons, betrays a weakness in its defenders, or a presumption of treachery in the governor—there are regular approaches, batteries, mines, and countermines, conduct and courage requisite in love as well as in war.—Ah, Peter, if you were an Officer! oh, how I should like to see you at the head of a regiment, and hear you give the word of command, as thus—“to the right face—shoulder your firelock—prime and load—make ready—present—fire.”

Peter. Well done, my little pop-gun—I suppose when our alliance takes place, you’ll be for converting my farm-yard into a fortification, and the cow-house and pig-stye into an encampment.

Barbara. You know we should be prepared, in case the enemy shou’d land and attack us.

Peter. Ah, Barbara, whilst we are *unanimous* amongst *ourselves*, we need not dread the threats of any foreign power.—But come, let us attend

to

to our own affairs—I have something particular to say to you—I'll whisper you a secret, [*kisses her.*

Barbara. Now for shame, Peter, you are always for such close action.

Peter. Yes, and you see I'm partial to head quarters.

Barbara. But you deserve to be cashier'd for making a wrong sally—you should have convey'd your whisper to the ear.

Peter. Aye, but the fashion's alter'd, and turning the ear looks like turning away from a secret—for as people run open mouth'd to deliver them, others should stand open mouth'd to receive them—'tis a common saying, you know, that such-a-one swallows secrets,—now how can they be swallowed, unless applied to the mouth.

Barbara. Well, I'll not be taken by surprise again, for I'll keep more upon my guard.—You should obey me now, and you'll see how much better you'll be for my discipline.—Ah, Peter, how fierce and terrible you'll look in a red coat, and I shall be so happy to have a soldier to defend me—for if any one makes improper advances to me, it will be so pleasant for my husband to march up to him and cry D——e, what do you mean by that, you scoundrel?

Peter.

Peter. Then a challenge takes place, and your husband may be put to sleep in the bed of honor.

Barbara. No, there would be no danger of that, Peter, for he who is *coward* enough to insult a woman, generally wants *courage* to face a man.—Come, I shall march to my quarters—mind, Peter, you must learn your exercise, and be a complete foldier, before you have a commission to call me your wife,—for I'll marry none but a foldier, and *that* foldier shall be none but *you*, Peter.

S O N G.

I.

A foldier, a foldier, a foldier for me,
 His arms are so bright,
 And he stands so upright,
 So gallant, so gay,
 When he trips it away,
 Who is so nice and well powder'd as he?
 Sing rub adub, &c

II.

Each morn when we see him upon the Parade,
 He cuts such a flash,
 With his gorget and fash,
 And makes such ado,
 With his gaters and queue,
 Sleeping or waking who need be afraid?
 Sing rub adub, &c.

III.

III.

Or else when he's mounted, so trim and so tall,
 With broad sword in hand,
 The whole town to command,
 Such capers and prances,
 Such ogling and glances,
 Our hearts gallop off and are left at White-Hall.
 Sing taran, tantaran, too, too, too, &c.

Exit.

SCENE.—*The Inside of Auld ANDREW's Cottage.*

Enter JEMMY and JANE.

Jemmy. My dear Jane, how blest'd am I, that this increase of fortune has not diminished your esteem for me.

Jane. Why, Jemmy, you must have entertain'd but a poor opinion of me, that riches could effect such a change in my disposition.—I shou'd think myself unworthy of this unexpected legacy, cou'd it make me prove false to you. We might, it is true, have been happy without it, but now we can enjoy the heart-felt luxury of contributing to the happiness of others.—Gold never shines to so much advantage, as when it is employ'd in relieving the distresses of the unfortunate.

DUETT.

DUETT.

Jane and Jemmy.

And shall I Jemmy's love retain,
Tho' storms of fate around us blow;
And will he ne'er forsake his Jane,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow.

Oh yes, with him I'll freely fail,
If low or high the billow;
And careless of the passing gale,
His faithful arm my pillow.

Oh yes, with, &c.

[*Exit Jemmy.*

Enter AULD ANDREW.

Andrew. Well, Jane, lassie, tho' the sudden death of my lady o'th' Castle, who gave thee aw thy high breeding, and lov'd thee as tho' thou hadst been her own proper bairn, forgot to make her will, and thee beest but a wea bit better for her magnificent merciful goodness, except in the learning thee hast gotten; why what of that, here be this fortune will make thee a bonny fine madam. Why, bairn, we shall be too rich, and I ha been racking my brain to think how we shall do to spend it aw.

Jane. Tell me, dear Father, how cou'd my Aunt possibly leave all this wealth—surely she must have found some hidden treasure.

C

Andrew.

Andrew. By St. Andrew there's the puzzle on't; an I thought there was any Witchcraft in it, I'd not touch a penny.—Thy Mother and I had heard no tidings of your Aunt, for fifteen good years; we thought her dead and gone, and there she were living aw the while in London, like a fine lady.—But the Lawyer will be here anon, bairn, to tell us aw about it; and considering he be a lawyer, I do take him to be a gude honest fort of a man.

Jane. Here he is, Father.

Enter MEANWRIGHT.

Meanwright. Good morrow, Sir.

Andrew. Hoot awa, Mon, Sir me no Sirs, all the World kens my name is Auld Andrew.

Meanwright. Well then, Old Andrew, you'll excuse my not sending to know if you were visible before I came.

Andrew. Visible! why it's daylight.—You are not blind, and I am big enough.—Visible, indeed! let us ha no more of this Gallimaufry gibberish.

Meanwright. I am surprized, old Andrew, you have not enquired for the ready money left you.

Andrew. Why shou'd I speer a'ter things I dinna want, Master Meanwright?

Meanwright.

Meanwright. In this bag are two hundred guineas, and there is twenty times that sum belonging to you, vested in the funds.

[*Gives Andrew a Bag.*]

Andrew. I have nought to do now, but ride about an buy up aw Scotland!

Meanwright. As long as your money will last.

Andrew. Last! why tell'st thou me of last? shew me house or land, man or woman, that I canna purchase wi aw that stuff.

Jane. But you forget, Father, that we have many questions to ask concerning my Aunt.

Andrew. Now, Master Meanwright, tell me how Margery became sic a great Madam;—mayhap she had a grist greedy of a husband, that held the nose of the poor to the grindstone; I shou'd be right sorry to hear that, for I cou'd na gulp down wi a gude heart, his serapings, an curryings, an cheatings,—the food waid na be wholesome, an the gripings o'my conscience wou'd give me the belly wamble.

Meanwright. About sixteen years ago, your sister went to London, and got into the service of Mr. and Mrs. Albany.

Andrew. Well?

Meanwright. Mr. Albany had a quarrel with his wife.

Andrew. There's nought surprising in that.

Meanwright. Mrs. Albany had a gallant, and her husband discovered that ———

Andrew. That he were a — (*making signs,*) hey?

Meanwright. Alas! 'tis the way of the world.

Andrew. It's a base wicked world, an I marvel the very Belzebub's Lucifer, don't fly awa wi't.

Meanwright. Mr. Albany did not grieve much at his disgrace, but quitted his wife,—made your sister his companion,—and at his death left her the bulk of his fortune, which she has now bequeathed to you.

Jane. Oh, my Father! what poverty, however painful to support, can be so bad as wealth thus wickedly obtained?

Andrew. [*with great indignation*] I understand thee, Jane, [*throws down the bag,*] and may the great De'el take that and me into the bargain, if ever I touch it more,—I'd sooner want a baubee for ever, than enrich myself by means of my sister's iniquity.

Jane. [*embracing Andrew*] My dear Father, how I love thee.

Andrew. I know thee doot, bairn, and I bless Heaven thy name's not Margery.

Meanwright. And is it possible you can refuse this legacy, which wou'd give you ev'ry enjoyment?

Jane.

Jane. I blush to think you shou'd imagine us capable of supporting the infamy attached to the enjoyment of wealth thus acquired.—No, Sir, 'tis our pride to declare we peremptorily refuse it.—I hope circumstances justify my speaking in this manner,—meekness, I know, is my sex's most amiable and natural character; but were we not to act determinedly now, we should be forever partakers in guilt, which, I trust, our conduct will ever prove we detest.

Meanwright. Madam, your behaviour creates admiration and respect; and I sincerely wish the fortune had been such as you could have received with honour.—I shall wait on the Laird of Buchan here, and consult in what manner I must now act in the affair. [Exit.

Andrew. Well, Jane, ater aw the bruit and din this legacy ha made, what weel folks say when they find we ha no gotten the filler, and when they hear what a foul pullet Margery ha bin?

Jane. No matter, Father, what they say,—it is the opinion we have of ourselves, not what others have of us, must make us happy.

Andrew. Thee beest right, bairn,—thee beest right,—be it as it will they sha na say that Auld Andrew swaggers with the wages of wickedness.

Jane. We were content before, and the satisfaction of having acted properly will continue us
so;

so; for blessed with health, and enabled by our industry to live happy, what can we wish for more.

S O N G.

I.

When blest with my Jemmy, a lover so true,
Old Time, as he pass'd us, too rapidly flew;
He hurries his course when I wish him to stay,
But ah! how he lingers when Jemmy's away.

Then haste, dearest laddie, no longer delay,
Then haste, dearest laddie, no longer delay,
From thee there's no comfort by night or by day,
And my heart sinks with sorrow when thou art away.

II.

How cruel two lovers so faithful to part,
Whose riches were only the wealth of the heart;
The wealth of true love, which to each was a store,
So dear, that thro' life we should wish for no more.

Then haste, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE.—A VIEW OF THE SEA. [Moonlight.]

Enter PETER *and* DROWSY.

Peter. And so this Mr. Acorn, alias Lord Rakish, had the baseness to think of bribing the smugglers to convey Jemmy away from his dear Jane.

Drowsy.

Drowsy. 'Tis very true, or may I never take a nap again.—He imagin'd I'd lend him a helping hand, but I scorn such doings.—I have, by his orders, paid the smugglers a good round sum for their job.—But, Peter, I'm rather thirsty with talking so much, and when I am dry I'm so apt to fall asleep.

Peter. Well, well, keep awake a little longer, and tell me if my Lord means to offer marriage to Jane?

Drowsy. No, no, I heard him say that he cou'dn't think of doing that on account of his honour; so he means to take her off with him for a much worse purpose.

Peter. So not content with depriving a young man (who never wrong'd him) of all he holds dear, he must add to his guilt by planning the ruin of an innocent female.—Then to talk of honour, and suppose he shou'd disgrace his family by marrying an amiable girl possessed of every merit her sex can pretend to, because her rank in life is beneath him;—yet he thinks it no disgrace to violate those principles of honour which alone constitute the character of a gentleman.

Drowsy. I tell you what, Peter, this Lord of mine has no more honour than a fine lady has waift:—But I must see after a sup of liquor, or I
find

find I shall have a flumb'ring fit come on again.—
Well, here will be a pretty piece of mischief of my
making, however; but I have a natural inclination
for mischief, for I liv'd three years with a petty-
fogging lawyer. [Exit.

Peter. This Lord has been endeavouring to
supplant me in the affections of my little Barbara,
but, as she says, the out-works were too well
guarded for his attack to succeed, and he was soon
forced to make a quick retreat.—Here he comes,
I'll have some sport with him.

Enter LORD RAKISH.

Lord Rakish. What? my friend Peter!

Peter. Friend! Yes, you are a rare friend to
make love to my Barbara, an't you?

Lord Rakish. So, so, [*aside.*] Why you are not
jealous, I hope?—Nay, don't be angry.

Peter. Not I, indeed,—I'm pleas'd, for I can't
help laughing at your conceit;—I know you are
puffed up with vanity,—for you never go by a
brook but you stop and admire that lank half
starv'd phiz of your's for hours together.

Lord Rakish. Very pretty.

Peter. Pretty, indeed!—pretty, hey!—You
call yourself pretty, do you?—Why now look at
me,—see what a dapper, plump, ruddy, tight
built

built little fellow I am;—how can you think that any girl who is not blind, will prefer that fallow Frenchified muzzle of your's, to English roast beef and heart of oak?

Lord Rakish. Why, I believe you mean to affront me.

Peter. You have a tolerable good guess, indeed, and resent it how you please, my Lord Rakish,—so your servant.

Lord Rakish. D——nation!—by what means can he have discovered me? (*aside,*) Harkie, Sirrah! as you know who I am, be careful how you repeat this insolence, or——

Peter. Don't think I'm afraid of your threats!—No; no, it is not your being a Lord can deter me from behaving like a man!—When a Lord's virtues keep pace with his rank, I honour and respect him,—but when his vices lead him into acts that would disgrace the meanest peasant, I abhor and despise him. [*Exit Peter.*]

Lord Rakish. Abusive scoundrel!—but he shall be punished for his impudence.

Enter PLIANT:

Oh, Pliant! I fear our affair is blown!—Peter knows my title.

Pliant. The Devil!—Why then have him carried off with the other spark.

D

Lord

Lord Rakish. I intend it.—Yes, yes, the smugglers shall take them both away. Where, can this fellow Drowsy loiter?—Here's some one coming,—let's retire. [Exit.

Enter JEMMY.

Jemmy. I wonder what mighty secret Drowsy can have to disclose?—he promised to meet me here, at this time, to inform me of some affair, in which he said I was particularly interested.—But as he is not true to his appointment, I suppose he has been seiz'd with one of his dozing fits, and dreams nothing of the matter.—I'll not wait for him.—What a delightful evening!—how calm the sea!—Ah, Jane! how often, when viewing this scene, has your gentle bosom heav'd a sigh for those who brave the perils of the deep.

S O N G.

See the stream so smoothly sliding,

Ar hyd y nos.

Wave in wave disportive gliding,

Ar hyd y nos.

Seeming in the gentle revel,

Sinking to a peaceful level,

Ar hyd y nos.

So within the bosom glowing,

Ar hyd y nos.

Love's delicious current flowing,

Ar hyd y nos.

Tender passion, gently swelling,

End in bliss beyond the telling,

Ar hyd y nos.

But when jealousy enduring,

Ar hyd y nos.

Worst of ills, and past the curing,

Ar hyd y nos.

All is chang'd to wild commotion,

Like the tempest beaten Ocean,

Ar hyd y nos.

Oh! may I, my fair possessing,

Ar hyd y nos.

Seek not for a prouder blessing,

Ar hyd y nos.

Joys in soft succession proving,

Life a current calmly moving,

Ar hyd y nos.

[Exit.]

RUNLET, ANCHOR, and six Others, Land from a Boat.

Anchor. There's a fresh breeze springing up,—now if we can but fall in with these here Jockeys, we shall be twenty leagues off with 'em before they are miss'd.

Runlet. Right, Master Anchor, and may I never run another tub of Nantz, if I don't think I spy the goods we are in chace of.—I'll hail them,—Yo, ho, shipmates.

Enter LORD RAKISH and PLIANT.

Lord Rakish. A pleasant evening, friends.

Runlet. So it is, my hearty,—and what do you say to a trip on the water?—Come, we'll take you both in tow,—and d——e if you sha'n't be as safe under hatches as a pipe of wine in the Custom-House.

Lord

Lord Rakish. Hark'ee scoundrel,—do you know who you are making free with?

Runlet. Lay an embargo on your breath unless you give us a calmer breeze.—D———e, but the fellow's as saucy as an exciseman.—Bring 'em along.

[*The Smugglers seize Rakish and Pliant.*

Pliant. I say, you are mistaken, it is not us you are to seize.

Runlet. That's a d——'d good joke, to be sure, but you don't queer us in that manner!—So bring 'em along.

Enter Drowsy.

Drowsy. If you make such a confounded noise here, you'll send me to sleep.

Lord Rakish. Oh, Drowsy! I'm glad you are come, these men insist on taking me away with 'em.

Drowsy. Well, hang me, if I did not dream they wou'd!

Lord Rakish. Come satisfy them directly that we are not the persons they are in search of.

Drowsy. I did not suppose you'd own it.—Away with 'em.

Lord Rakish. Why, you rascal, are you in a plot against me?

Drowsy. Don't be angry with me, friend, I only obey my master's orders!—I can't help it.

Lord Rakish, (to the men who hold him.) Give me leave to speak a few words in private with him.—

Hark'ee,

Hark'ee, Drowsy, my good fellow, you surely can't intend to let these men take me away?

Drowsy. Yes, but I do, tho'

Lord Rakish. Nay, but consider the cruelty of having me hurried away from my country,—my friends.—Oh! you have more feeling.

Drowsy. Pray, what feeling had you, when you desired me to have a young man trepann'd away from his friends and country, and then meant to rob a poor girl of her virtue?—You are a pretty fellow to talk of feeling, indeed!—If I had such feelings, d——e if I should ever sleep in comfort.

Lord Rakish. Impudent villain!

Drowsy. Take care of him. (*the Smugglers seize him,*) Well I wish you a pleasant voyage, Jack, (*to Lord Rakish.*) Good bye, Tom, (*to Pliant.*)

Lord Rakish. Hell and the Devil!—How dare you treat a Nobleman in this manner?

Drowsy. Well said, Jack,—a Nobleman!—hey! —A Nobleman!—ha, ha, ha!—that's very well, faith!

Runlet. Yes, you're a pretty Nobleman, to be sure!—But it is the fashion for Noblemen to travel, and if they are no better Noblemen than you, it's no matter if they never return back again.

Drowsy. True, true, away with 'em.

Runlet. Aye, aye, you may struggle,—but d——e if you shall slip your cables.

[*The*

[*The Smugglers force Lord Rakish and Pliant into the Boat, and row off with them.*]

Drowsy. Well, now that business is over I'll go and finish my nap. [Exit.]

SCENE.—AULD ANDREW'S COTTAGE.

Enter AULD ANDREW and Jane.

Andrew. Cheerly, cheerly bairn, Jamie canna be long awa.

Jane. But every moment will seem an age 'till I'm assured of his safety.—Ah, the time does not appear to move so slow when Jemmy's with me.

S O N G.

Oh! let me ne'er for fortune pine,
If blest with peace and health;
And since my Jemmy's heart is mine,
I'll seek no other wealth.

Content a gentle village maid,
Who shuns the lofty dome;
And finds within the rural shade,
A safe, tho' humble home.

The stores that honour disapproves,
Are still with care possess'd;
But virtue gives to those she loves,
A treasure in the breast.

Then let me court the village maid,
Nor wish from hence to roam;
For she can bless the rural shade,
My safe, tho' humble home.

Andrew. May the horned black De'el soon claw the ill favor'd chield that has gotten hold of Jamie.

Enter

Enter PETER, *with* JEMMY, MEANWRIGHT, DROWSY, *and* BARBARY, *Country People following.*

Peter. Thank'ee, but I don't wish to be on such close terms with old Nicky.

Jemmy. My dearest Jane.

Jane. Oh, Jemmy, how have you escaped the snare that was so deeply laid for you by Lord Rakish?

Jemmy. By his Lordship being caught in the trap he intended for me;—and may he who wou'd rob another of his liberty, never enjoy that blessing himself.

Andrew. Peter, ge us your hand, mon.—Was it ye that sav'd my bairn?

Peter. Yes, thanks to honest Drowsy for it.

Meanwright. Your zeal shall not go unrewarded.

Drowsy. I never dreamt of any reward.

Peter. And I feel my reward here, Sir, (*pointing to his heart,*) the reflection of having done a good action.—When I am so fortunate as to assist a fellow creature, then only do I think myself of any service in the world.

Andrew. Well said, my bonny bra laddie.

Meanwright, (*to Andrew and Jane.*) The legacy which you have so nobly refused, will now, by law, devolve to Jemmy, who, I have since discovered, is nephew to Mr. Albany, and the only surviving relation.

Andrew. Ah! Providence may try an honest man to the last, but will never desert him!

Jemmy.

Jemmy. What unexpected happiness!

Peter. So it is, Jemmy; you had love enough before, and now you have plenty of money, and I heartily wish you joy.—Well, my little heroine, you may as well strike your colours, or I shall take you by storm, (*to Barbara.*)

Barbara. No, Peter, I obey your summons, will enlist under your banner, and march with you thro' life,—and trust you'll never have occasion to punish me for mutiny or desertion;—for I'll always perform my duty cheerfully, and love, honour, and obey.

Drowsy. Hang me if I did not dream you wou'd.

Jane. Now, might we presume to hope that our little adventure has afforded amusement to those friends who have so frequently honoured us with their indulgent patronage, our happiness wou'd be complete,—for we never enjoy a higher satisfaction, than when our endeavours to please are rewarded with their approbation.

F I N A L E.

Then if our Friends and Patrons here,
Should on our efforts smile;
The praise of those we hold so dear,
Will well reward our toil.

Then if our Friends, &c.

And may each Scottish lassie gain,
An honest English hand;
And long may peace and plenty deign
To crown each sister land.

And may each Scottish, &c.

F I N I S.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. BENSON,
AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,
(WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR,)
SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

THE long historic track of Time survey,
Far as Tradition sheds a dubious ray;
Still BRITAIN has beheld, with Patriot pride,
In her lov'd Isle, THE CHARITIES reside.
Let but Distress, whate'er the cause, appear,
Lo! PITY yields the sympathizing tear;
And at her side, BENEVOLENCE is found,
To raise the helpless Mourner from the ground.
Still, as of old, the Sons of BRITAIN feel,
And her fair Daughters share the gen'rous zeal:
One only contest in their breasts can glow,
The NOBLE RIVALRY to succour *Woe*.
Tho' Greece and Rome their ancient worth proclaim,
And Godlike Heroes of Immortal Fame;
The Deeds of Valour that our Annals grace,
Attest that BRITAIN boasts an *equal Race*:
AN EQUAL RACE in each heroic part,
With gentler *Virtues* that refine the Heart;
Virtues that tow'r above *their* proudest plan,
That cheer, embellish, and ennoble MAN
Does Envy doubt?—behold the smiling Land,
On every side the DOMES OF FEELING stand;
Where Sickness finds a balm to sooth its pain,
And Age and Want a ready shelter gain.
Nor less the bounteous aim to spread relief
Where Merit lingers in sequester'd grief;
Enough—they hear Affliction's faintest sigh,
All *Volunteers*, where *Sorrow's Ensigns fly*.

To-night, alas! a melancholy Train,
For YOUR *Protection* plead—nor plead in vain;
THREE helpless INFANTS and the weeping WIFE—
Untimely lost the *prop* and *charm of life*;
AN AGED PAIR—but what can words avail,
To point your feelings to the hapless tale;
When every eye the plaintive story tells,
And ev'ry heart with lib'ral pity swells;
Nor let the officious MUSE a *theme* prolong,
That melts, yet animates this GEN'ROUS THRONG.

ADDRESS,
INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN AT THE
RICHMOND THEATRE,
BY THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. BENSON.

WHILE just ready for mirth, may I ask you to pause,
And forgive this intrusion—a Mother's the cause—
Who, depriv'd of that life, once the joy of her own,
O'er the world's rugged paths must now wander alone.
Ah!—*alone* did I say?—how much stronger her plea—
She must toil for my *two little brothers* and *me*—
Yes, for three helpless Orphans, the children of Woe,
No legacy else could their Father bestow.

But, young as I am, I have often been told,
That Britons are always as kind as they're bold;
That SORROW unaided was ne'er known to grieve,
For, as soon as they hear her, they rush to relieve.
All this is a truth, surely none would dispute,
And I therefore now venture to open my suit.
Then ye, who in good-natured actions delight,
Know, we look for your favour on Saturday night;
When, with all our own Party's kind zeal can prepare,
Some *Performer's from London will heighten the fare;
Some Performers distinguish'd for skill in their art,
And who need not a *Prompter* when Friendship's *the part*.
Let me add, but 'tis far too presuming, I fear,
We shall see our †benevolent Patroness here;
Whom to know is to honour as one truly great,
Since ennobled by Virtues much more than by State.
Ah! let me then hope that you'll not think I'm vain,
In expecting that night to behold you again.
For a Mother I sue—there's charm in the sound—
And the smile of Consent is now beaming around.

T.

* Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. Mr. C. KEMBLE, Miss DE CAMP, and Mrs. S. KEMBLE,
kindly exerted their talents on the occasion.

† The Countess of LEICESTER.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BENSON'S DAUGHTER,

(A CHILD OF SIX YEARS OLD,)

AT HER MOTHER'S BENEFIT,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH,

(WRITTEN BY MR. S. KEMBLE.)

* TWO Children of a much lov'd Father *gone*,—
A *third*—we might have brought—but he's so young
He cannot speak,—yet when he's older grown,
Able to feel the heavy loss we moan,
He'll clasp his little Hands and join in Pray'r,
(The WIDOW and her ORPHANS Heav'n shall hear,)
That every Blessing may attend on those
Who being *Human*, feel for *Human Woes*;
Who strive by deeds to stop the falling brine,
And render GOD's own Image more Divine.

May he protect and guard you from all Ill,
Or teach you due submission to his Will;
Should you, like us, a Parent's loss bemoan,
May you meet Hearts as tender as your own;
And what you now to us so kindly give,
May you ne'er know the want of,—*while you live*.

* She led on one of her brothers.

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